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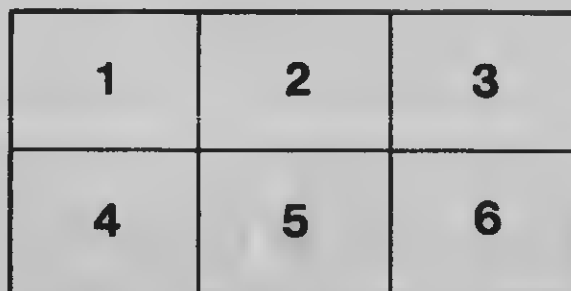
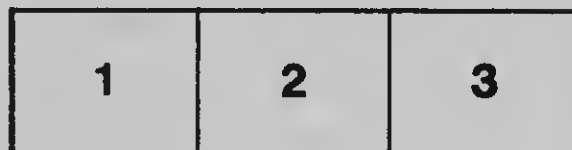
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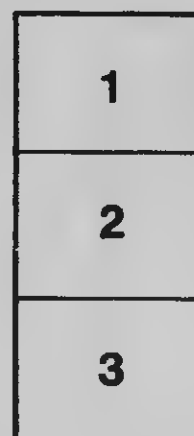
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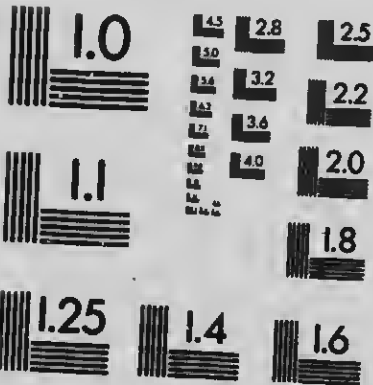
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Can. *Grant, William L.*
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**"A NATION OF PROPHETS,
OF SAGES, AND OF WORTHIES"**

**A SPEECH DELIVERED ON 18TH
DECEMBER, 1917, BY W. L. GRANT
ON HIS INSTALLATION AS HEAD-
MASTER OF UPPER CANADA
: : : : COLLEGE : : : :**

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I FEEL very proud of the honour which has been done me in asking me to become Head-Master of this great and historic school. There is no more honourable or important academic position in Canada; that is to say, there is no more honourable or important position of any kind in Canada. It is an honour of which one can but strive to be as little as possible unworthy.

Yet I must say, once for all, that when offered this high position I was unwilling to come. I felt that as long as I had health and strength my duty lay in France. Only when General Turner, our much honoured G. O. C., personally ordered me back, telling me that my work in England and in France, satisfactory though it had been, was less important to the nation than that which a suitable Head-Master could do at U. C. C., did I obey orders and come. But now that I am here, I feel that those orders lay on me an added responsibility to give to this school the very best that is in me.

This is not the first time that I have stood on this platform. From 1898 to 1902 I was here, first as Junior Classical Master, then as Senior History Master, under the Principalship of Dr. G. R. Parkin. In the things of the spirit it is always difficult to say how much one man owes to another, for such a debt shows itself not as an accretion, but as a growth, and cannot be isolated. But I can say with assurance that to Dr. Parkin I owe a stimulating and a quickening of my vague ideals, a fulness of belief that we owe our all to our work and to Canada, a belief that we must be lavish of ourselves, not niggardly, for which I shall always be grateful to him. Any of the ideas and ideals which I shall try to sketch to-day, owe to him much of their intensity. No Principal is a hero to his masters, and we were not slow to criticise; but we learned from him to think nobly of Canada and nobly of our calling. With my immediate predecessor, Mr. Auden, I came less into contact; but I know the fine tradition of classical scholarship which he brought here from Shrewsbury, the school of Butler and

of Kennedy. Into whatever new courses this College may steer or veer, such fine scholarship must ever remain one at least of her ideals.

And I regret that I come just too late to avail myself, in keeping alive those ideals, of the help of my dear friend, Mr. W. S. Jackson. For forty years "Stony" gave of his best to this school. During four of them I was his colleague and came to know something of his high ideals. I know the tenderness of heart, the width of sympathy, the knowledge of human nature, veiled by that calm and passionless manner. He could be severe; he could not be unfair; it was not in him. His love of all manly exercises, his flawless sense of classical style and of beauty, were a priceless asset to the school.

This is a great school, with a great tradition, embodied in the long roll of old boys whose record Professor Young has compiled with such unwearied endeavour. As a student of history, as a collector of historical material, I know something of the labour and the skill which have gone to the compilation of that memorial. The best thanks which I can give him is my assurance that I shall do all in my power to keep up and to improve our records, and so make lighter his task when another generation requires a second volume.

We were founded by a veteran of the Peninsula and of Waterloo, Sir John Colborne, afterwards Lord Seaton, and got from him a tradition of sound discipline and of sound learning. This is not the time to tell the story of how on the evening of Waterloo his splendid daring and keen soldier's eye chose the proper moment; how the 52nd rolled up the Old Guard of Napoleon, and made possible the advance to victory of the British Guards; how in after years in the island of Guernsey and in Upper Canada great educational foundations marked the soldier as a lover of sound learning. That story I hope some day to tell. Here I shall only say that this school has every right to be proud of its founder; and of the ideas of discipline and of scholarship for which he stood. In the next generation it was a U. C. C. boy,

Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) A. R. Dunn, who won the only V.C. given for the Charge of the Light Brigade. If there was one thing of which Dr. Parkin was more proud than another it was of that. Never a Prize Day passed but he told the story.

But a great tradition is not so much something to look back to with satisfaction as a great well-spring from which to draw inspiration for the present and the future. The greatest days of U. C. C. and of Canada are not the days of Colborne and of Dunn; they are here and now. Canada has played a splendid part in this great war. No nation could enter or prosecute a war with cleaner hands than we. What have we to gain? Not increase of territory, not tariff concessions; only the consciousness that we have played the man. We did not hesitate; we threw in our all; we lavished our noblest; we imperilled our material future to save our spiritual heritage; we showed the deep self-sacrificing ideals which lie at the heart of the Canadian democracy.

The great struggle which was won yesterday shows that we do not mean to be false to those ideals. Rarely in history has any nation so far removed from what I may call the pictorial side of war laid on herself such a load so unflinchingly and so voluntarily. I am sure that even the great leader who yesterday lost the election must in his heart of hearts be proud of Canada. Misguided he may think her if he will, but he must be glad to belong to any nation which so proudly takes up so great a burden. I wish to offer my special congratulations to the seven Old Boys who yesterday won seats for the Government of Canada.

And if our cause is spotless, if we fight for freedom and tolerance and the cleanness and sweetness of the world, our soldiers have been worthy of our cause. "Boys, brag of your country," said the great Nova Scotian, Joe Howe. We need never again brag of our country; the deeds of our soldiers have told the greatness to the world. We are but one corps out of many, and there is glory enough for all. But though we claim only our share of the credit, that share

is immortal. I have been writing of late a monograph on a dear, dead friend of mine who fell on the Vimy Ridge, and I do not scruple to say: "When the men who barred the path to Calais, the men who took Regina Trench and Courcelette, the men who swept the ridge at Vimy, go down shell-torn to meet the great ones of an elder day, I think that the men who died for liberty at Marathon and at Thermopylae stand side by side with the crew of the Revenge, and in proud humility greet them with uncovered heads."

In that noble army, the Old Boys of U. C. C. have nobly played their part. Of those who have wrought with General Turner in bringing order out of chaos his two chief helpers have been U. C. C. boys, General H. C. Thacker and Colonel H. F. McDonald, the latter an old pupil of my own.

But it is not of the living, but of the dead, of whom I think most. Such former masters as W. J. Dobson, the very type of man whom I hope to win and to retain for my staff. Such of my old pupils as: Boyd, Clarkson, Darling, Denison, Kirkpatrick, Leonard, Ryerson, Jeff Smith, Gordon Southam, Trumbull Warren, Willie Willison; their names read like a roll-call of one of my old classes, or of many another old class at U. C. C. since its foundation. In Professor Young's list of Old Boys there are thirty-five Denisons and thirty-four Boyds. I crossed to France with George Taylor Denison; at Poperinghe, where we parted, we wished each other good luck; this spring I heard that he had had the luck to die for Canada and for humanity. I am sure that his father's deepest grief is that he is not allowed to cross the seas, and crown the work which he did in the Fenian Raid and in two rebellions, by dying in the same great cause as his son.

Where all have done so nobly, it is hard not to name all; but you will pardon me if, to ease my own heart, I name two old pupils of my own in this College, Colonel Russell Britton, C.F.A., killed this summer, and Private John Lynn Pattinson, who was one of those who did not come back in

June, 1915, after that terrible charge at Givenchy, when the First Canadian Battalion went over 800 strong and came back 150. These typify for me the old U. C. C. I knew and loved fifteen years ago. They would not have been suitable heroes for goody-goody books. You will find their names rather on the list of College Football teams than of University Honours. Both of them knew what it was to be caned, by myself among others. But—they never lied, they never shirked responsibility, and they never led into trouble any boy weaker or smaller than themselves. And so—there is one other place in this school where you will find both names, on the list of Herbert Mason Medallists, honoured by the masters and by their fellow-pupils.

Their names are in our hearts. Their names are emblazoned on our Honour Roll. But the names of our dead must have still more public honour. It is not for me to dictate to the Old Boys, but the memorial of these men must be stately, seen of all men. Whether by a system of scholarships, or by a memorial Chapel or Hall in the new school which we hope to build, they must be remembered while U. C. C. endures. Our dead I call them; but they are in very truth our living:

“How should he die,
Seeing death hath no part in him any more,
No power upon his head;
He hath bought his Eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.

For an hour if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space,
Then ye lift up your eyes to him, and behold him crowned,
A deathless face!”

“In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,”

But over their memories the iniquity of oblivion shall
never scatter her poppy. They live not only in our mem-

ories, but in our lives, if we draw from them fit inspiration. It is a very solemn thought that our dead live just as long as we keep them alive: so long as we keep their memories green, so long do they live and move and work on with us and among us. On those of us who for yet a little while walk this earth, and feel the delight of the changing seasons, a very terrible responsibility is laid. All these died for Canada; what shall we make of the land which they have left us? What shall we tell our dead when they come back and ask us how we have kept the trust?

What then are my ideals for this school? How may we make it worthy of the Canada and of the cause for which they gave the full measure of devotion? First; it must be a Canadian school, instinct with love of Canada, in full touch with everything that is worthy in our free vigorous Canadian life. This type of school has attained its fullest development in England; we were founded by Sir John Colborne to be "a Canadian Eton." But "time makes ancient good uncouth." We are, and we must be, a Canadian school, and if to be so, we must in any way or in many ways depart from the Etonian tradition, then the break must be made. But though we must be a Canadian school, we must not be narrowly Canadian; still less must we be narrowly Ontarian. I thank providence that I was born in Halifax, that stricken city by the Eastern Gate of our Dominion; I thank providence that my early summers were spent in Cape Breton, where "the long wharf of North America" fronts the Atlantic surges; and that, as I dangled my little legs over the wharves of Halifax and watched the ships go out and in, or saw the French cannon glimmer far below in the clear waters of Louisbourg harbour, I learned not only to love Canada, but to know and feel that there was a world outside.

Some years ago, in London, I spent a day showing to an old pupil some of the sights. I ventured to point out to him some points in which I thought that we in Canada might learn from the Mother Land. "Oh," he said, with a touch of accusation in his tone, "Canada is good enough for me."

If he meant what he said, he was right, abundantly right. Canada is good enough for him, or you, or me, or any other man or woman, to live or die for. The land for which "Big Britt" and "Big Pat" and so many others have died, needs not to have that established. But I fear that what he meant was a very different thing; that he was good enough for Canada; that he, a raw, crude, half-educated young cub, was God's last and most perfect gift to humanity, and had nothing to learn from the Old World and its civilisation. That is a very different and a much more questionable statement. We must be Canadian; but in the cause of Canada and of Canadian education we must search the world for new ideas; like Molière, we must take our goods wherever we find them; we must loot the educational world for Canada.

This is not the time to go into details of time-table and of curriculum. But one such idea let me give. In nothing is the young Englishman more inferior to the young Frenchman than in fine and abundant and loving knowledge of his own mother-tongue; in nothing is the young Canadian more behind the Englishman. The cause does not lie largely in the superiority of French to English as a medium of instruction; it does not lie at all in the inferiority of the Canadian brain to the English. It lies largely in inferior teaching. In England in the last ten years, many teachers, seeing this, have been quietly revolutionizing the teaching of English by adapting to it French methods of teaching French. Already the vocabulary, the precision and fineness of speech of the English boy and girl, and with these the greater mental and spiritual clearness and precision which they involve, are beginning to improve. I see no reason why by the adoption and use of similar methods U. C. C. may not lead the way to making the English language in Ontario the real, the vivid and the inspiring tongue it is so well fitted to be.

In this regard, speaking rather more generally, I would say that in this province the metaphor of the Ladder of

Learning has done infinite harm. The lower rungs of a ladder are almost solely of use to enable one to rise higher. Thus we have tended to consider the Primary School chiefly of use as a preparation for the Secondary, and the Secondary as leading to the University. In accordance with this we have tended to measure the success of such a school as ours far too largely by the number of successes and scholarships won at Matriculation. I do not minimise the value of university honours, but in reality primary school, secondary school, and university have to a large extent different classes of citizens to train. I hope to give all lawful help and encouragement to every boy in this school; I shall certainly be proud of all university honours won; but the boy in whom I take the deepest interest is the boy whose formal education ceases with this school. The boy who goes on to the university has another chance; the boy who leaves the school to enter business or industry must henceforward find his way through the woods without a blaze. Woe to us if he leave us unilluminated and unquickened! I am convinced that in a proper course, properly taught, in the Modern Humanities, centering in, though not wholly composed of, instruction in and through the English language and literature, lies the best hope of the education, of the quickening and the illumination, of this very important class of citizens.

I have said that this must be a Canadian school. After the war we must give our young Canadians a higher and a wider conception of what love for Canada means. I do not sully the memory of the dead when I say that men have died for Canada in this war who, thanks to too narrow an education and too narrow a political theory, set in time of peace no higher value upon Canada than that set by a buccaneer upon a galleon. We must in Canada, and more particularly in this College, teach our youth that Canada demands our sacrifices in peace as well as in war. Hear the definition of education given by John Milton: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly,

skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." Our task is the education of the complete citizen.

We must have liberty in Canada.

"We must be free or die, who speak the speech
That Shakespeare spoke; the faith and manners hold
That Milton held."

We must have the civic, the national and the international liberty for which we fight to-day. But it must be an ordered liberty, a liberty checked and controlled by discipline. And that discipline must be as far as possible self-imposed. I intend to be master in my own house; I intend to rule this school. But I shall make every effort to carry masters and boys with me as I go. Under me I wish to see every possible power given to masters and to Stewards and Prefects. I have heard it said that it is possible to have a good battery or a good battalion without good officers, if you have good N.C.O.s. The words have only the truth of a paradox. If the colonel and other officers are weak, it is most unlikely that the N.C.O.s will be strong. But the converse is certainly true, that without good N.C.O.s a good battalion or battery is impossible. Similarly, without good Stewards and Prefects good discipline in a school is impossible; and it will be my effort in every way to increase their duties, their responsibilities, and their privileges, not so much that my task may be made easier, but that their task in after life may be more nobly and adequately performed. This great democracy needs leaders. Let it be the task of this school to create and to train them.

The Canadian people have a natural aptitude for politics, and for high social, political and economic thought. The lasting success of those splendid institutions, the Canadian Clubs, proves that abundantly. How eagerly the busiest business and professional men come from their multifarious tasks to listen to any one who has anything to say. But has this splendid turbulent democracy of ours always been given

adequate leadership by press, pulpit or politician in civic, provincial, federal or Imperial affairs? I fear not always.

I love and honour the Canadian people. This is to me "God's Country" just as sincerely as to John Milton his countrymen were "God's Englishmen." I would apply to ourselves the high words in which he spoke of his own: "A nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse; not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to."

How does he go on? "What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?" By which fine old word we must remember that he meant "warriors." "A nation of prophets, of sages and of warriors."

And if such is the stuff of which Canadians are made, can there be a nobler task for the boys of this school, boys taken for the most part from homes where wealth, earned or inherited, should mean power, earned or inherited, than the task of helping in the solution of the problems with which Canada now is, and after the war will still more urgently be, confronted? Both in England and in Canada, if we are to avoid serious, and perhaps paralysing, social and economic friction we must have a new Concordat between Capital, Labour, and Government. In that Concordat it is my opinion that Labour, educated Labour, must play a larger part than ever before in Canada or in Great Britain. I am not greatly concerned whether the boys of this school turn out High Tories or Red Tie Socialists; though on the whole I hope that they will steer a middle course. I am greatly concerned that they shall not turn out Conventional Individualists, careful only of their own. "Every man for himself, and God for us all, as the elephant said when he danced among the chickens" is an outworn creed. The great country to the south of us long thought that a great nation

could be made by turning a large number of able self-seeking men and women into a fertile continent, and allowing them to do what they would. They are now wrestling, heroically wrestling, with the problems created for them by too perfect reliance on this too imperfect theory. Canada must take warning while yet there is time. We must slough off forever that cut-throat individualism which is the negation of citizenship. And where may the lesson of self-sacrifice, of regard for the rights of others and for the common weal, be learned so well as in the turbulent little republic of a residential school.

But if boys are to be so trained, if the boys of U. C. C. are to be not merely "a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies," but the leaders of such a nation, what manner of masters, of "wise and faithful labourers" must we have? I ask every parent here: What manner of men do you wish to train your boys? Do you wish masters who mix with the leaders of the community; men who have leisure to read, and money wherewith to buy books; men who bring to their studies and to their teaching the broadening influence of travel and of a cultured home; or do you wish men who add to the narrowing influences of school-teaching the narrowing influences of a preposterously inadequate income, a narrowness of means made the more galling by the constant effort to lead the liberal life? Do you wish men who, if they have moderate prudence and moderate health will by middle life be free from financial worries, or do you wish men whose whole idea is, and must be, to keep one eye open for something else? I know which you would prefer, and I know you will approve of my determination, which was not to accept this Head-Mastership until I was promised that, when the end of the war and the sale of this property had to some extent relieved our finances, a definite proportion of the purchase money should be set aside by the Governors for the increase of the salaries of the senior masters. On those terms, and on those terms only, have I accepted this appointment. There are at present few, if any, prizes

in the profession of Primary or Secondary teaching. Such prizes the senior masterships at Upper Canada College must become. Given here half-a-dozen senior masterships, by attainment to which a man may win such a competence as he can gain by moderate—very moderate—success in law, medicine or industry, and the Head-Master may hope to attract and to keep in the profession men from whom he may demand such a richness of service as is now only found here and there, and when found is hampered. I do not undervalue the splendid, self-sacrificing teaching which is being done and has been done in this and in other schools; nor do I say that adequate pay will invariably mean adequate teaching; but I do say that hitherto the best teachers have been handicapped by inadequate means, which has meant inadequate tools, and that far too many promising teachers have been driven out of teaching into other professions less important for the welfare of the country.

This, then, is in part what I hope to make of the boys of this great historic school. This is the type of master whom I hope to gain and to retain. In my own strength I can do little. But I am strong in the help of the Governors, and still stronger in the help of such a body of Old Boys as no other school in Canada can boast. To these I appeal to help me. I have many changes in view, and I cannot hope that they will all meet with the approval of all. But I do ask that they be given a fair trial, and that the Boys and the Old Boys will believe that I shall make no change without full conviction that it is in the best interests of the College.

Just forty years ago this month my father was inaugurated as Principal of Queen's University. In his address he used words which I now apply to myself: "We ask nothing for ourselves, we ask all for Canada. You have brought me here. Was I rash in reading these words between the lines of my appointment, 'Depend upon us for sympathy and loyal aid.'"

May I close with a story of this present war which I

hope will give to the boys of U. C. C. both an inspiration and a motto. In the first fury of the German attack in the Second Battle of Ypres, four British guns, which had been loaned to the French, were captured. In the wild night of the 22-23 April, 1915, the Tenth and Sixteenth Canadian Battalions were sent forward just after midnight to retake the wood in which those guns lay. Amid shrapnel and rifle fire and the deadlier hail of the machine gun they pushed on, and swept through the wood like a mountain torrent in spate. A friend of mine, who had stolen out of hospital to join the Sixteenth—then a Private, now a Major—has told me of how time and again the thin line flung themselves down to avoid the bullets, and of how, fearless amid that hell, Major (now Colonel) John Leckie refused to lie down, but walked up and down along the line, cheering on the laggards with the cry "Come on for Canada; come on for Canada."

Boys of Upper Canada College; this world is a very grim and a very pleasant place; I do not know whether its grimness or its pleasures make it the more perilous. Not only in after life, but in this school, there will be times when temptation within and opportunity without will seem to lure you into the baser course. Then set back your shoulders; then tighten your neck-muscles; then bring up your every reserve of resolution with Jack Leckie's call: "Come on for Canada."

